J. M. Freedman, Atty,
4th Goodman Building,
Memphis, Tenn.

WRITING ROOM

FREDERICK LOESER AND COMPANY, INC.
BROOKLYN-NEW YORK

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Precious Lore: ——

Will only be able to write a few words to-day, I am afraid as I am running off, soon, to see Nell off. Gosh! I sure do hate to see her go. Ran up home last night to stay with her.

The weather is wonderful. I never saw a more perfect day. I do hope I have as nice weather when I leave.

Was anxious to know whether or not you found any rooms. Let hope not, as I wouldn't know what to do — that case. I can't wider.

Island Park, when you say most houses have no baths. Good heavens! What sort of a place are you taking me to? Sooner get 2 rooms with the use of the bath, as a bath is as essential as either of the 2 other rooms.

Am anxiously awaiting an answer to my yesterday's letter. All I can see before me is your disappointment in that I will in all probability have to part paint my trip. I know what it cost me — yet it is costing me, yet — I see no other way. I will certainly try to start out as soon after Mary's as possible.

Everyone is strolling around. Women + children, honestly, Mary is driving me wild to see everyone out enjoying themselves and so happy — and here I am — you so far away. On Sunday, when I went home, after I was there at the dispensary, I felt so lonesome, so neglected and forlorn. Everywhere, there were people dressed up and out walking with Sunbonnets. Everyone seemed so happy — the weather was so ideal. And there I was, trudging away home tired, + sad. Leaving was not

able to come down as she promised, as her little nephew look ill, and her sister in-law out of town. She wanted to leave him ~~alone~~ with her brother but I told her not to, as he is such a little fellow and her brother would be helpless in case anything strange should happen. Expect her down to-morrow night.

Well, Cora, I shall close with all my love, and kisses to you, and a big tight squeeze.

Everlovingly

Frances.